

After Fifty Years

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that had been strung together by their speech-writers. But the spectacle of a little twerp cowering before a motley gang of punks or savages that he himself brought to the campus and subsidized with other people's money, is one that cannot be forgotten.

Supposedly, of course, most of the "educators" were taken by surprise.

To be sure, the President of Brandeis University, Dr. Morris B. Abram, proudly assured the "Academy of Religion and Mental Health" that the rioters, presumably including the vermin that occupied his own building for ten days, are engaged in "a genuine revolution" to become "true citizens of the world without boundaries" because "they have absorbed well the ideals WE taught them." But, so far as the press has reported, Dr. Abram is the only "educator" to brag that he and his kind contrived the epidemic by subtly and skillfully injecting the "ideal" germs of anarchy and destruction.

The wizards that preside over other institutions recently disrupted by outbreaks of world citizenship and equality have thus far emitted only squeaks that seem to mean that they were surprised by the riots — that they had not planned it that way — that they never suspected that savages aren't gentlemen — that they had not known what they were doing when they imported them. It is only courtesy to believe those excuses. But it follows, of course, that the pompous mannikins are too ignorant and stupid to be entrusted with an academic responsibility greater than that of mopping the floors. Indeed, since in most institutions the janitors would never have done anything so silly, and in some the janitors even protested the big brain's imposition of "brotherhood," one wonders, on second thoughts, whether Prexy, Ph.D., LL.D., etc., could safely be entrusted with a broom.

What is significant is what was done in a few institutions by young Americans — and when I use that word, I mean young AMERICANS, descendants and heirs of the creators of the Western world; I do not mean all featherless bipeds that, "regardless of race, color, or creed," happen to be on our soil at the present time. In some universities, after Prexy, Ph.D., LL.D., etc., excluded from his own building by creatures he had hired to come to the university as "students," had groveled and "negotiated" for days, young Americans, losing patience with the deflated old wind-bag, simply went into the building and hauled out the animated garbage.

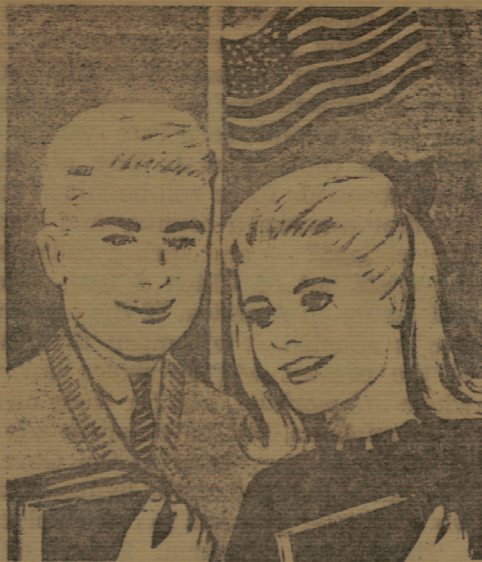
Those young Americans are our last hope of survival. They deserve what support we can give them. With luck and foresight, they may recover the country we lost.

We are told that "youth" is idealistic. That is true, if the statement means that our young men and women have inherited the quality, peculiar to our race, that finds expression in our great sagas of Beowulf, King Arthur, Roland, Parsifal, and Siegfried. It is false, if by "ideals" you mean the White Queen's cultivated ability to believe at least six impossible things before breakfast, and the "Liberal" notion that you can make big magic by chanting lies about the real world.

Young Americans have the courage and the will to fight and, if need be, to sacrifice themselves for what they instinctively feel is great and noble. They are the last force to which we can appeal.

We cannot inspire them by rehashing for the ten-thousandth time Whitney's Reds in America. They know, as our aging "anti-Communists" seem not to know, that the world of 1924 is gone with the wind — and, whether you like it or not, they feel no nostalgia for it. We cannot attract them with sermons about the beauties of a Constitution which, after all, was inadequate to prevent the present. They know that no document can make a nation out of a herd of equals; they sense that nations can exist only by the cohesion of a common will manifested in authority and discipline. We cannot charm them with platitudes about "mankind's upward reach for a better world." They know that "mankind" is an assortment of disparate peoples who must compete for space on an overcrowded planet;

HOPE OF AMERICA



Or will you cast your lot with those who may yet save our once great nation?

they sense that the world of nations today is what it always has been and always will be: the real world in which the weak go under and the strong survive.

That is why there was for so long no effort to foster an AMERICAN youth movement. It was not what was wanted by the good-hearted and white-haired patriots who, in their ever-diminishing conclaves, orated to one another in the hope that some miracle might yet waft them back to 1924 or, better yet, the spring of 1914. It was dreaded by the master salesmen in the "anti-Communist" business, who know what nice mixture of fact and shibboleth opens pocketbooks, and who naturally mean good business every step of the way — to the end.

The first real effort, so far as I know, to bring together the scattered and elite of American youth is now being made by the National Youth Alliance, 813 DuPont Circle Building, Washington, D.C. 20036, under the leadership of Louis T. Byers, a young man of undoubted integrity and true devotion, matured by extensive experience in "conservative" and "anti-Communist" circles. This could be the turning point for which we have so long hoped.

The principle of union and the textbook of the new organization is Francis Parker Yockey's brilliant and long-suppressed book, IMPERIUM, a philosophy of history that was virtually unknown until it was republished a few years ago.

I have twice before criticized IMPERIUM as a philosophic synthesis of the lessons of history, pointing out, inter alia, that its major thesis was confirmed and corroborated by the entirely independent work of Lawrence R. Brown, THE MIGHT OF THE WEST, and by the antecedent work of the great Oswald Spengler, THE HOUR OF DECISION. I need here only recommend careful study of Willis A. Carto's discerning and very important introduction to the volume.

The essential point here is that IMPERIUM, and through it the National Youth Alliance, for the first time tells the elite of young Americans what they have so long and doubtfully waited to hear. It does not tell them about the economic advantages of "free enterprise," to be reaped by helping some corporation sell more Coca-Cola or hair oil or paint-remover, and it does not dilate on the blessings of freedom to buy a mortgage in the suburbs, run faster in the rat-race, and raise children to be taught that Paradise is a place where hominoids with full bellies live in a perpetual rut. It speaks to them of honor, loyalty, race, and Western man's will to conquer or die. It summons them, not to meetings of a Ladies' Missionary Society, but to a struggle against great odds. It warns them, not that lady-like conservatives must be careful to Love Everybody, but that the treason of the slimy Ganelon can be defeated only if the Men of the West are still willing to die in the pass at Roncesvalles.

This is a bugle call that cannot fail to rouse what Jung calls our "racial psyche," and it would be sheer impertinence for you or me to try to add footnotes. But, in sober fact, this last effort of the West faces fearful odds.

The young, it is true, have a freedom of action that is denied to their parents, who, after all, must live to make the next payment on the mortgage and on the "income tax," but the young in the schools will nevertheless face the subtle and devious hostility of the whole Establishment. The "educators" will try to trap them in an endless net of ambiguous rules and pettifogging regulations. Great idealists, who beam benignly when young Americans are beaten or knifed on the campus, will turn purple with rage at the slightest slight to the fauna of their academic jungles. And, of course, the pet curs of the press will bark "Fasheest," "Natsee," and "Aunteye-Seemeetic," the three sounds that should infallibly make well-conditioned Americans dive under the bed faster than frightened cats. And, equally of course, members of the National Youth Alliance will suddenly be surrounded by "responsible conservatives," recently retired from the C.I.A. or A.D.L., eager to point out the virtues and profit of "moderation" and "democratic procedures," with a bonus of whatever sexual bait seems most likely to hook the fish. Lastly, young Americans are uncertain what they should do to attain what they instinctively want; they are made hesitant by their own deficiencies. They have been passed through our public brain-washing machine, and they know that they have received, not a liberal education, but an "education" by "Liberals." They have since the first grade been sloshed about in the standard detergent: one ounce of fact dissolved in a gallon of hogwash. They have so much to unlearn!

I do not venture to predict the future of the National Youth Alliance. It has great potentiality, but it will therefore be the target of open and stealthy assaults delivered with a fury and cunning surpassing all that we have seen thus far. And the time in which any action will still be possible is perilously short. I merely say that American youth is our last hope, and that at long last an effort is being made to rally it. The most that one can affirm is that the youth movement, with adequate support and guidance, has a chance of success.

If we choose to support it, let us not deceive ourselves. If this movement is not somehow frustrated at its very inception, if it ever gets under way, it will move forward with the gathering momentum of an avalanche. All that we can now foresee is the general direction in which the avalanche will move; that can be inferred from the pages of IMPERIUM. That, as I pointed out years ago, may startle or even dismay conservatives of the older generations.

I wonder, however, whether the older generation has a right to tell young Americans how far they should go. The fight will be theirs. We may help them with our money and advise them; we may try to give them the advantage of what knowledge we have gleaned from history and our own experience. But let us remember that although you and I may personally have done all that we could — I hope we did — we nevertheless belong to a generation that was too inept and too fatuous to keep what it had. Let us not try to impose the sentimentality and squeamishness that was fatal to us on our successors. The future, if there is one, is theirs.

Common Sense.

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Published twice monthly except July and August, once each, by

CHRISTIAN EDUCATIONAL ASSN.
530 Chestnut Street, Union, N. J. 07083